A

Tribute

TO THE MEMORY OF

JAMES ARNOLD.

Fessenden & Baker, Printers,

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

TO

THE MEMORY

OF

JAMES ARNOLD,

This Discourse,

PREACHED IN THE

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, NEW BEDFORD,

Sunday, Dec. 13, 1868,

IS

REVERENTLY INSCRIBED.

W. J. POTTER.

HON. JAMES ARNOLD.

From the New Bedford Mercury.

The brief notices of MR. ARNOLD, which have appeared in the papers of our city, do not, as we believe, satisfy the claims which his life and character have to the attention and regard of this community, and of those who intimately knew him.

While, as a public man he was but little known, and no associations with public events are connected with his memory, there was much in his character as a man and as a merchant that gave prominence and interest to his name, and much in his position and life as a citizen of New Bedford to render that name worthy of affectionate remembrance.

JAMES ARNOLD was the son of THOMAS ARNOLD, of Providence, R. I., a prominent member of the society of Friends. By birth-right, he, too, was a member of that religious denomination; and whatever may be thought of the peculiarities of this religious body, one fact is beyond controversy, that, in proportion to its numbers, no sect of Christians has blessed the world with a larger share of noble men and women, who have exemplified in their lives that personal purity and devotedness to the welfare of humanity, which are the foundation of the gospel of peace and good will.

In early life, MR. ARNOLD gave a direction to an intellect subtle and vigorous beyond the average of his fellow-men, by a careful perusal and study of the classical literature of our language. None but those who were favored with his intimacy in the most vigorous period of his life, can be aware of the extent and richness of his knowledge of our best authors, and of that keen and exhaustive appreciation of their powers and beauties with which he was endowed. "I honor that man," said Ephraim Peabody, one whose memory will long be cherished by this community, "who, in addition to that calling upon which he depends for a livelihood, gives a portion of his time to the cultivation of his intellect and his taste." During his long and active life, MR. ARNOLD felt and enjoyed the advantages of this extensive acquaintance with the best portions of English literaature, and of this richness and fulness all were made partakers who were favored with his intimate acquaintance.

There are two or three persons, still among us, who were, with him, members of the association which in latter days has been known as the Old Dialectic Society; and these remember with distinctness and pleasure, the instruction and enjoyment which his frequent participation in its discussions afforded them. He was an earnest, an honest, and forcible speaker; and from the rich and full stores of his intellect he could, in a manner equalled by few and excelled by none, give an interest to the subject of debate which did not end with the occasion that excited it. Thus it was that, without having, or assuming to have, those exact and comprehensive gifts of scholarship which belongs to those whose lives are devoted to literature, he had that degree of attainment and that discriminating love of letters, that gave a zest to his leisure hours, soothed and comforted him in seasons of sorrow, and rendered him always a profitable and pleasant companion

As a merchant, Mr. Arnold held a place prominent and honorable He was among the last of that successful and high-minded race of men, who, in the first quarter of the present century, were the merchant princes of New Bedford. He took his place while yet a young man, as the son-in-law of William Rotch, Jr., and as his mercantile partner, among those who were known throughout the commercial world as enlightened and successful men of business; and while the success of his devotion, skill, and enterprise, demonstrated his right to share with them their elevated position, no act of his ever sullied the purity of the reputation they had won.

An incident, of no great importance in itself, that occurred when he was in the prime of life and largely engaged in mercantile pursuits, will illustrate the character of his mind, and the views which he held and so strikingly exemplified in his business career.

President Wayland was in New Bedford for the purpose of soliciting aid for the increase of the library of Brown University. A meeting of our merchants and monied men was held, and the President, in a short address, endeavored to show how it was that liberality towards our institutions of learning was fruitful of benefits to all classes and conditions of men. Some word, which he or some other gentleman had dropped, which indicated that the merchants were too much absorbed in money-making, called up Mr. Arnold, who, in a few forcible and eloquent sentences, vindicated the character of our men of business, and the claims of the pursuit in which they were engaged to an honorable and elevated position. He declared that the occupation of the merchant was as free from mercenary tendencies as any in which man could engage; and that the devotion which gave reputation and profit, was due, not so much to a low and grovelling love of gain, as to that generous and commendable desire for success which was the stimulus to all high and enlightened effort in every department of human affairs.

As has already been intimated, Mr. Arnold was but little in public life. In the days when the good old plan of town meetings allowed him to be somewhat active in our town affairs without holding office, he gave a fair portion of his time to our municipal business. For a short period he was a member of the Governor's Council, while the Governor's chair was occupied by George N. Briggs. He filled the office of Councillor with much credit and usefulness. The good Governor informed the writer of this sketch, that at no period during his long term of office, did he have more efficient assistance from any member of his Council than from Mr. Arnold. His was a well-trained, well-disciplined, and a well-informed mind, fitted for usefulness in any direction to which its energies were given.

During that unhappy period, when the activity of the elements of discord in the Society of Friends resulted in the disruption of that denomination, Mr. Arnold left that body of Christians and joined the religious society with which he was associated for the remainder of his life. Free from bigotry and sectarianism, he continued to hold and to cherish those fundamental views of human obligation, and of the highest human elevation and attainment, which were and are characteristic of the religious society into the membership of which he was born. The members of the First Congregational Society, however they may have differed from him in judgment, will long retain a respect for their departed associate, and will with pleasure remember that his counsels were always for that course of action the most pure and honorable, and the most worthy of an enlightened Christian body.

As illustrative of this, and of the happy results of such counsels and actions, the course taken by the Society in extending an invitation to the Rev. Mr. Furness, of Philadelphia, to become its pastor, may be mentioned. A vote had been passed to this effect. Under a belief that not alone to the pastor should the action here be communicated, but to the Society as well, Mr. Arnold proposed that an address should be prepared and forwarded with that to the pastor, directed to the religious body of which

he had charge, informing them of the request that had been made, and requesting them to co-operate with the society here, should they think well of the proposed transfer. From the lips of the Rev. Mr. Furness himself was the writer of this informed of the happy results of this noble and Christian-like course of proceeding. There had been a feeling of alienation creeping into the Philadelphia society, arising from the boldness and power with which their minister defended the cause of the bondman. At a meeting of the society both communications from New Bedford were laid before it. The effect was immediate, surprising, beautiful. Under the influence of a course of proceedings so full of instruction and so well calculated to give activity to Christ-like sympathy and devotion, the difference which had made a disruption of the tie between the pastor and people probable, if not desirable, wholly disappeared, and closer than ever before were knit the bonds of affection and regard. "The society in New Bedford," said Mr. Furness, "never can know how much we are indebted to them for their high-minded and Christian proceeding."

It remains for us to speak of the benevolence which was so distinguishing a trait in the character of JAMES ARNOLD. No man understood better than he the obligations which rested upon him as one who had been blessed by a bountiful Providence with ample means for the alleviation of human suffering and want. In the administration of his charities, it was his choice, as it was his practice to a very great extent, to act by himself. He was a strong man — strong in means, and strong in the ability to judge as to the most efficient manner of dispensing his bounties. "The cause which he knew not, he searched out." It needed not that his work might be rightfully done, that he should associate with others. There is but little need for us, in this community, to extend our remarks upon this part of the life and character of our departed fellow-citizen. Never, from that princely abode on County street, did the stream of benevolence cease to flow. The exercise of the charities, of which that was the fountain, was one of the institutions of our city. Steadily, clearly, widely, always full and always overflowing, year after year the stream flowed on, diffusing throughout our city its healing, refreshing and encouraging influences. He, whose death has now made mourners of the poor and needy, stood not alone at the head of this fertilizing stream. Side by side, for a long course of years, stood this noble man and his princely companion, both to no small extent, aided by that daughter who, years ago, with the mother, left the father and husband alone to perform the work so long jointly and efficiently performed. And the last of this family of enlightened and devoted benefactors of the poor has now departed.

That beautiful residence, so long the home of all that can dignify and elevate humanity; the source from which, for half a century, there has flowed a bounty which in its influence was not confined to the children of want, is now without a tenant. It cannot long remain so. The lights of that beautiful home will, we hope, soon be rekindled, and we feel an assurance which amounts to conviction, that the future of our city, as has been the past, will be blessed by the enlightened and beneficent influences which will flow from that spot so long consecrated to an active, wide-spread, and enlightened hospitality and benevolence.

JAMES B. CONGDON.

---

* At the opening of the month of December, 1867, there were five members of the "Old Dialectic" living, John Mason Williams, James Arnold, Thomas A. Greene, William C. Taber and James B. Congdon. Since that time the three first have died, the first since this notice was written.

DISCOURSE.

THOU SHALT COME TO THY GRAVE IN A FULL AGE, LIKE AS A SHOCK OF CORN COMETH IN, IN HIS SEASON. — Job V, 26.

SINCE we last assembled here, dear friends, many of us have met around the coffin of one of the oldest and most honored members of this society, — of one who, until a few months ago, when the infirmities of age overcame the long established habit, was almost as regularly expected in his seat here on Sunday morning as was the minister in the pulpit. And, as was well said at the funeral service by one of the former ministers of this church, his manly presence was felt here as one of the pillars upholding the pulpit; upholding it always, through all religious and civil conflicts, whether it reflected back precisely his own convictions or not, in the freest utterance in behalf of truth and justice and practical righteousness. His vigorous intellect, his appreciative and discriminating listening, his free thought, his broad and cultivated sympathies, his ready and large charity, his unshaken faith in a *present* Divine spirit — these all made him, indeed, a strong pillar in the congregation.

But he did not belong wholly to us here. His was too large a manhood to be appropriated by any single church. Regular as was his attendance on these services, valuable and unwavering as was his aid to the enterprises of this society, and fully as he believed in the general form and direction of religious faith here represented, yet his sympathies were wider than the area between these walls. His interests and usefulness were bounded by no sectarian lines. He was a *man* more than a *church*-man — the *citizen* rather than the *church-member*. Indeed, I should count these services here a failure, as he most certainly would have done, if they should not tend to cultivate the good citizen, the broad and aspiring manhood, and devout and earnest membership in the universal church of humanity, rather than the sectarian devotee. And he chose, I am confident, to associate himself with this church only because he believed that it represented this universal aim and fellowship.

He belonged, therefore, not only to us, but to the public. And, though we shall greatly miss him here, and though we love to remember his long and interested membership in this society, and do remember it most gratefully, yet we love to remember more, that he had stood for many years among the most honored and virtuous and beneficent citizens of this community. He has left a shining example of *good citizenship*,— an example of noble, manly aim to meet his obligations as a mem-

ber of human society to his fellow-members, and of remarkable success in reaching his aim. And to this point in the lessons of his life I wish first of all to direct our attention.

In some respects we might truly call him, indeed, our First Citizen, — not because of his wealth, not because of his social position, not because of his business sagacity and success, not because of his large intellectual ability and well stocked mind, not because of the opportunity which any of these alone brought him, but because he sought to use the power which all these together gave him, for the welfare of society. We certainly thought first of him when we had any cause of philanthropy or charity, for which we wished to bespeak the generous aid of the community. Though having but a moiety of wealth compared with such men as Astor, Stewart, and Peabody, he has become widely known as a public benefactor; and, though almost never accepting public office, he has always been felt as a power in all the affairs of this town and city. Through all his long business career his name stood second to none for monied integrity and security, and (which is infinitely more,) for the moral integrity that is the basis of financial strength. Strangers visiting our city asked to have pointed out to them his dwelling, which had become famous for hospitality and charity; and his garden, freely open to strangers as to friends to the day of his death, was a place of public interest and resort. *Their* dwelling, *their* gar-

den, my lips are prompted by reverent memory to say, when I think of her, the true wife and noble pattern of womanhood, who in the home stood more than fifty years by his side,— her grace the perfecting complement of his strength, and her character helping in no small measure to mould his to the large proportions into which it grew, and furnishing the inspiration, bountiful and ceaseless, of that hospitality and charity which have given the home its fame. Just eight years and seven months ago this day, in tears, and with speech that only fell too short of what was in our hearts, we paid here our spontaneous and reverent tribute to her memory. And if these years' calmer reflection has justified, as I think it has, what our hearts uttered of her when we said we had lost the foremost woman in our city, so when we consider his character in all its relations, sympathies, and achievements, I think the years will confirm what the public voice, with marked unanimity, now seems to say of his departure,— that we have lost in him our First Citizen.

And we can say all this without saying, of course, that he was a faultless man. We can say all this without saying that he came up to our highest ideal of virtue or of citizenship. That he was without fault we should not dare to say. His sincere lips would almost speak from the grave in scathing rebuke for us, if we did. If we chose to go back through the long, closely filled record of his eighty-seven years, we should doubtless find

many defects; we possibly might find some things here and there that we could hardly reconcile with the character which we have known during these later years. Some of you may perhaps remember, what has only come to me by tradition, that during his earlier business life he was popularly reputed a severe and exacting man, especially in his dealings towards those subordinate to him in his employ; as sternly *just*, but with little of that natural milk of human kindness in his heart from which the rich cream of charity would be expected to spring, which has in later years refreshed the whole community. Whether this repute in which he was then, to some extent at least, popularly held, was deserved or not, is a question I care not to open here. I can well understand that, with his systematic and untiring industry, his indomitable energy and will, his very positive opinions and habit of very positive utterance, his large and even impassioned personality, he should, in the flush of youthful health and purpose and ambition, often have seemed harsh and unreasonable and arbitrary in his demands on others. Let all this be so; and let it be, too, that a persistent critical acumen might detect in his large practical benevolence a want of some delicate touch of humane, heartfelt sympathy with the objects of it; bring forward, if any choose, all the points where this long life, judged by the severest standards of character, which neither you nor I will pretend to have reached, may be pronounced defective; still you have not detracted from its chief

merit, nor touched the point, save to strengthen it, where his long career leaves its best legacy of moral example. That point, to express it in a single phrase, is, that the last years of his life were better than the first; not better, of course, in respect to vigor of intellect, but better in respect to the virtues and graces of character. Here was growth, advancement, constant progress under life's discipline to something higher and nobler.

Human life in its natural order of development is the growth and ripening of faculty. It is the conversion of native endowments of temperament and talent, of circumstance and opportunity, into inward grace and virtue and power. And every life has merit according to the measure of its conformity to this divine law of ripening. It is not to be expected or desired that all characters shall be cut to one pattern. Though all should be good and true, there would yet be infinite variety in the form and quality of their virtue, since there is infinite variety of native endowment and of given circumstances, out of which character is to be formed. What is required is not that all virtue shall be run in one mould, but that the utmost and best possible shall be made out of the given materials and conditions,— that from whatever beginning of faculty or passion or opportunity or temperament, there shall be steady progress of character into virtuous solidity and grace and fruitfulness.

And judged by this rule, this aged citizen's long life leaves with us a rich lesson. His character *ripened* with

the years. He had, indeed, rare endowments to begin with; and those endowments brought him rare opportunities. He possessed a strong physical constitution, full to overflowing with vitality, capable of great labor and great endurance. He was gifted with more than ordinary intellectual capacity and taste,—having the large practical understanding, which, combined with an untiring energy and strong will, gave him excellent administrative ability, and made him a most successful merchant; and having also the higher intuitional faculty, which gave him a quick insight into truth, and made him a philosopher and even a prophet in his way. He loved to trace the laws of thought, and to study the contents of the human consciousness, and to follow all moral and religious principles back to that consciousness as the ultimate ground of their authority. He had a good talent in conversation, though apt to become verbose and involved; yet was sometimes exceedingly incisive and brilliant, especially when stimulated into argument by some counter statement which his reason condemned. His nature, indeed, was largely combative, and stood strongest, perhaps, on the defensive. His memory, too, was capacious, and his mind became well furnished with the results of reading and observation. For with all his devotion to business, and his well-earned success therein, he was more than a man of business. He had tastes, and he found time, for mental culture,—for acquainting himself with some of the masters of literature, and for keeping

an interest in the progress of science and thought; a point on which his example is to be especially commended to the young and still rising business men among us.

Yet all these excellent natural endowments and tastes and opportunities, though they might of themselves have made him a man of mark, could not have made him the man he was, if they had not been nurtured under the control of the higher reason, and directed by a quick and commanding conscience, and suffused with a strong religious aspiration. That which made him worthy of our tribute here at this hour, and gave him his deserved place in the reverent regard of this community, is not that he had these good and strong materials to work with, but that from these materials his character grew year by year into fairer proportions, and took on a finer quality and grace. It is because these endowments and opportunities were seized by a conscience unusually vigorous, and wrought over into a constantly increasing realization of a noble ideal of life, that his career yields to us its best lesson.

And this growth and ripening of his character took place under the common Providential discipline of life. For he had his trials like other men,—trials severe and bitter. There was that in his nature, in his vigorous temperament and will, which was doubtless the source of many inward conflicts and struggles. And with all his apparent outward ease and prosperity, few persons have

had to meet more heart-rending disappointments and afflictions. Passers-by have doubtless often gazed at that sumptuous dwelling and its beautiful grounds with envious longings for the fancied happiness of its occupants. Ah, little did they know of the deadly pain at the heart of all that beauty; of the tragic agonies those walls enclosed; of the struggles of strong proud natures there to bear submissively the inevitable. And the struggle was successful. This is the glory of that home beyond all its external elegance. These characters came up out of the conflict stronger, braver, purer. They went down into the fiery depths of baptism clothed with worldly gayeties and ambitions; they came up in white robes of charity and heavenly-mindedness. The human gave way to divine qualities. A subdued, calm trust, a tender and more universal love, a sweeter grace and philanthropy, were the fruits of the struggle and the victory.

Especially does this seem to me to have been the case with him of whom we speak more particularly to-day. His character grew and ripened, not only under the sunshine of prosperity, but still more under the storms of adversity. He grew in graciousness as he advanced in years and the sorrows of disappointment and bereavement came upon him; grew patient under severe bodily affliction and pain; grew carefully considerate of others' rights, and came to possess a most delicate sense of honor and charity of judgment. Stripped of all other hopes and ambitions, he "put on righteousness and it

clothed him; and justice was as a robe and diadem to him. He became a father to the poor, and the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him."

And this leads me to speak more in detail of the practical benevolence into which his life gradually rose, and which especially marked his latest years. For here was the crown of his career. In the last twenty-five or thirty years do I find the great glory of his long life, — in the deliberate consecration of himself, of his opportunities, and of no small portion of his time and means, to the interests of charity and philanthropy; in his conscientious pains-taking effort to be true and just and helpful to his fellow-men; in the ripening of his successful career of accumulation into wise and generous usefulness. He seemed to come more and more to believe, as his years increased, and more and more to act on the belief, that all material success and material possessions are only so far worthy of human aim as they can be made to minister to human welfare and advancement. It cannot be said, I think, that he was indifferent to any cause of human well-being. Yet among the many objects of philanthropy presented to him, he selected and held with a good deal of tenacity certain ones which he believed himself best adapted to advance. And because he did not give to *all*, his liberality has sometimes been questioned. But he was giving constantly and largely in his chosen ways. Few knew how much he gave, for his ever repeated charge was that his name was not to be

published. And very few requests were turned away without some aid, even when he might doubt their utility and argue long against them. During the war he was for a time not a little criticised and judged somewhat harshly, because he would give nothing towards raising bounty-funds for helping enlistments in the army. But no criticism or argument could move him from his position. It was with him a position of conscience. He did not believe in war — he adhered to his Quaker principles in this — and he would not give a dollar to equip men for fighting and killing each other. Yet the battles fought, and the men wounded and killed, he was ready and unwearied in relieving the suffering in field and hospital. Let those, he said, who believed in fighting, (and he would not say it might not have become a necessary retribution for national sin,) do it and pay for it. For himself, he only believed in staunching blood, in binding up wounds, in saving from suffering and violent death. And by that position he stood; and from the beginning to the end of the war, the gentle, healing stream of his bounty flowed down to the southern battle ground, into camp and hospital, to bear witness to his conviction. One member of his household reckoned up fifteen thousand dollars, coming under his knowledge, as going in the direction of this benign charity to the country and its soldiers. And he does not profess to have counted all.

Another of the special objects of philanthropy to which

he felt himself called, was to befriend and aid the colored race. Of this he often spoke to me. There were comparatively so few, he said, who cared for this wronged and unfortunate people, there was so much prejudice against them, that he felt it to be a peculiar obligation resting on himself to aid their cause, whether in the way of escape from bondage, or of education, or of relief to want and suffering. Few, if any, of this class were ever turned away unhelped. Aid has gone from that house in times past to help many a fugitive slave on to liberty; and, after the great act of emancipation came, aid continued to flow from his hands, then left there alone, to palliate the freed people's condition, and give them the school and the meeting-house and the home. One of his latest acts was to fill a check for one thousand dollars for the destitute and homeless among this class; an act of which no one knew at the time but the receiver and one other member of his household. During the days of the anti-slavery agitation and struggle, he was a regular and large contributor to the funds of the anti-slavery societies, and also loved more to give to individual workers in the cause. Yet it must be added that he did not connect himself, as a member, with the anti-slavery societies, nor much attend their public meetings.

Nor did he associate himself directly with any other *organized* enterprise of social and moral reform. This came in great part from the fact, not that he did not

sympathize with the objects sought, but that he had little faith in associated action of any kind, and especially suspected all reforms that connected themselves with politics. The politics of the country, he was accustomed to say, are hopelessly corrupt, and the moral Reform or Philanthropy, that becomes political in its action, he feared would be contaminated and lose something of its high aim. This fear of associated action I think he carried to excess, though his moral instinct in the matter doubtless pointed to a great danger, and one from which some of our great reforms have not entirely escaped. I think he was somewhat mistaken, too, in the general principle of his charities, which was to *relieve* suffering rather than provide methods to *prevent* it,—though it should be added that it is a principle to which he did not by any means very strictly adhere. And the kind of benevolence, too, in which he most largely interested himself, is so necessary, so blest, and so Christian withal, that it seems almost invidiously critical to compare it with any other that exists in our ideal.

There is especially something inexpressibly beautiful in his taking up, when nearly eighty years of age, the work of home-charity which had dropped from his wife's hands at her death, and in his striving with reverent and tender affection, as he did, to carry it on as a sacred legacy from her love, in order that those doors which had stood open so wide to the relief of human want and woe, hospitably inviting every form of distress to tell there its

pitiful story, should not in his day be closed against any petition of human suffering. And there was something sublimely heroic, as well as beautiful, in the patient and persistent fidelity with which he took up and performed this work, if, as has sometimes been said, and as he said of himself, he was not charitable because he loved in his heart to give, but because he believed in his conscience he ought to give. But I am inclined to think that he judged himself too severely in this respect; at least that he was beginning to reap the reward of his faithfully executed *conscientious* charity in the springing up of a tenderer love and sympathy for humanity in his heart. Sometimes, when the calls for help at the door became too pressing, and he felt he could not make the requisite investigation into their genuineness, he would give directions that all applications of this kind should be sent to Rev. Mr. Thomas, the chosen almoner to a great extent, for several years, of his charities to the poor of this city, and whose ministry to the poor has been mainly supported for a number of years by his beneficence. But, perhaps, on the same day that these directions had been given, sitting in his library, he would hear a woman's voice at the door, telling some tale of suffering, and the servant trying to repeat to her his directions. And as he heard, or perhaps after the door was shut, his heart would be touched, and he would call the servant to him and ask,—"Who is that at the door?" And when the answer came,—"A poor woman, who says she has noth-

ing to eat, and not clothing enough to keep herself warm, and I sent her to Mr. Thomas," he would say,—"Well, I don't know as Mr. Thomas has anything for her; I think I had better see her and hear her story; perhaps she has children cold and hungry at home." And so he would be the first to break his rule. The poor woman would be called back to get her needed help there. And such an act shows, it seems to me, that his giving was not *all* "conscience" with him, but that a sweet tenderness of pity had been growing up in the old man's heart, — a tenderness which has now ripened into the charity of the skies, while through his beneficent provision this home charity to the poor is to go on for all time here below.

A word as to his religious faith, which was very simple. Born and educated in the Society of Friends, he kept his connection with that religious body until its division into the Hicksite and Orthodox branches, when, in common with most of the members of the Hicksite branch in this town, he associated himself with the Unitarian society. From that time he was a constant attendant on the public ministrations of religion with this congregation, and co-operated with personal interest in the affairs of the society and of the Unitarian denomination in general. But his interest was of no sectarian stamp. He believed in religious freedom and progress. He connected himself only with the society, not with the church, which at that time was a separate organization within the so-

ciety. In the ordinances of baptism and communion he did not believe. And, though conscientiously and heartily supporting religious institutions to a certain extent, he was careful always to draw the line between religious institutions and religion itself. He would have preferred, perhaps, even a less formal public service of religion than this here. For he was jealously watchful lest the form should usurp the place of substance.

But though he did not believe very much in religious forms and institutions, he did believe very deeply in religion, — in a religion embodied in character and life. Religion, he would say, is a matter of the heart, and a matter between one's own heart and God. He believed especially in the doctrine of the Inner Light — believed in it theoretically and practically; and this belief was the emphatic and distinguishing feature of his religious faith. He did not abandon this doctrine when he left the Society of Friends, but carried it, as he thought, to more logical conclusions. He was fond of quoting the following passage from the prophet Jeremiah, as representing his idea of religion: "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel. * * * I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts; and will be their God, and they shall be my people. And they shall teach no more every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, Know ye the Lord: for they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord;"

which expresses very accurately his religious faith. And here let me add that the Bible was a familiar text-book to him. He carried large portions of it in his memory, and was accustomed often to quote from it in conversation. He liked to discuss points of interpretation, and not infrequently threw more light on passages than could be found in the ordinary commentators. Yet the Bible to him was only a word of a still living and still communicating Spirit. God's voice in the soul, teaching and leading His people himself, as a father his children,—that was his religious faith.

But the strong, good man has gone: gone for himself at the fitting time. For him to die was gain indeed. Another mansion had been made ready for him. And may we not believe that she, the faithful partner of his joys and sorrows on earth, with even more of the beauty and grace that were so attractive here, opens the door and welcomes him to the new home? new, yet the old home again, for the old love is there. He has gone at the fitting time. There was only left for him here pain and infirmity, tottering limbs and enfeebled mind; *there* is youth again, and light on the dark way of the past, and life, and immortality.

And as we gathered at his burial on that gray and wet December day, and remembered how he had outlived all his near kindred; how he had buried, in quick succession, from his house, wife, and daughter, and sister, and stood there at last alone, like the last leaf on a

tree amid winter storms; how he had battled again and again with pain and disease and the infirmities of old age, and conquered them, and still lived on into the December of life, it seemed most fitting that we should thus be called to bury him amid December snow and cold and dreary waste. And the wintry desolation of the day, the snow-covered earth, the dark cemetery, whose sole relief was the white marble stones that told of death, the burdened branches of the green fir trees, bending with their wet weight as if in mourning veils, the heavy clouds beginning to shed down the great drops of rain just as the sacred dust was placed on the mother earth, where we left it surrounded by the faithful attendants who had served him so well in life — all made a scene in dramatic keeping with the thought that was uppermost in our minds, — that this was the end of a household, the funeral of a family; that a home, the most conspicuous among all our homes, for culture, for hospitality, for charity, is utterly emptied, and exists no more!

And that dwelling will soon be closed. The fire will go out on the hearth. No light will shine from the windows. The doors will open to no appeal of woe. Through the long winter it will stand cold, dark, desolate, shrouded in the silence of the grave. But is this the end? No, no, dear friends. Not more surely shall the springtime follow this winter; not more surely shall the dark, sere cemetery be beautiful again with green grass

and red roses; not more surely shall the trees bud and the birds sing again around that dwelling, than that life shall come out of this death. Our memories even now people that mansion with precious forms of grace and intelligence and charity, and from its silence come voices that will forever plead with us for truer living. And if we will listen to these voices and learn well the lessons that they bear to us, it cannot be but that all our hearts will be enriched with holier aspirations, and the doors of all our homes be set a little more ajar to the hospitality, the culture, the charity, and to the living and working faith, which have given that home its fame, and made it a blessed power for good in our city forever. So shall the virtues of the buried household, not only still live on in the heavens, but be reborn in us who still stay upon the earth, and the darkened house shall become radiant with the life and immortality that have gone out from it, to be brought to light again in living character.